Pam.
Africa-
North
Morocco

A SPACIOUS RECTANGLE SURROUNDED BY HIGH CRENELATED WALL

# Within the Walls of Fez

*BY SYDNEY ADAMSON*

WE entered the city in the gloaming through a western gate. Within sparkled the lights of many shops, glinting upon the changing colors of the crowd. Above the shops great battlements towered which echoed the tinkling of the water-carriers' bells. To the left we entered another large gate. A spacious rectangle surrounded by high crenelated wall spread before us, and dimly in the fading light a twin gate was seen at the far end through which figures passed with lights. On our right a gate of Portuguese character guarded the Sultan's arsenal. Thus through many gates we twisted and turned, passing long, mysterious open spaces between high walls so like parts of Peking that the Moorish figures alone made the city Fez.

After a long journey through bewildering streets we halted at a silent, darkened house. A Moor opened the door and said in Spanish that the consul was not in, but while the assistant consul was making us welcome, the consul arrived. Soon we were out again under the stars, with our pack-train in charge of a Moor, bound for the Dar Menebhi.

Out of a street like a slum we entered metal-clad doors, passed through a twisting, dark, but spacious passage guarded at intervals by heavy gates, and then, even in the night, it seemed that we had entered our fairy palace. The lantern glinted on the tiled courtyard and on the falling waters in the plashing fountain. Dimly four great doors appeared, one in the center of each side of the court.

Tall, graceful pillars rose toward the stars. High overhead were barren and latticed windows ready for the dark-eyed beauties of the tale. The huge painted double doors on the right were pulled open on groaning hinges, and we entered a room about fifty feet in length and full twenty broad. The painted ceiling was dimly revealed by a lamp so high that the pattern was lost in gloom.

We had entered a palace. Everything was upon a grand scale, and our tiny camp cots seemed made to fit our Lilliputian selves, while we looked in the shadows for a race of giants to rank with the architectural dimensions of the place. Curiously, in the center of each great door, full fourteen feet in height, a small wicket gate with a Moorish arch was cut; the Lilliputians had fashioned little gates for their own convenience after capturing a Gargantuan palace.

Saddle-sore and weary, I lay on my cot and listened to the voice of the fountain, feeling, out beyond the serene seclusion of the palace, the teeming life of Fez. Once before this I had gained a great Oriental capital in the saddle. The road to Peking was won through the smoke of battle and over a road strewn with corpses of men and beasts. Alas, also of women and children! To-day as we left that terrible mountain trail and came toward the city, on the foothills the cactus bushes were torn and splintered by shells. Dead horses blown to pieces littered the trail. For miles and miles not a living creature was seen till we reached the French camp within gunshot of Fez. One hundred and seventy miles of hill and valley from Tangier to Fez we did in six days of riding under the blazing African sun, by day scorched in the furnace breath of the Sheergi with a thermometer well over a hundred, and by night chilled to the marrow by the cold winds that blew through clothes and blankets, from midnight until dawn.

Yesterday at sundown, having lost the trail, we had climbed into a mountain village and sought protection with the headman. He gave us a camp site near the stacks of barley around which lay a score of armed men. Keen, scowling faces greeted us and watched the pitching of our tents. Then the Kaid came and ordered a guard around our camp, later sending milk and eggs, and barley for our horses. In the dawn they showed us the shell-holes in their houses blown in by the French cannon, and told us that where our tents had stood, scarcely a month ago a battle was fought and many of their tribe, the Oulad Djamas, were killed. But now they had submitted to the Sultan, which in reality means to the arms of France. The headman pointed out our trail, and showed us on the horizon, where the distant mountains met the sky, a V-shaped gap, called "The Gate," beyond which lay Fez.

On this last day of the journey in the late afternoon, we two, the artist and his wife, were alone in the endless ranges of towering hills. We had ridden hard, and, miles behind, far beyond our sight in the twisted cañon, our tired pack was struggling along. Turning to enjoy the sinking sun, we saw, bathed in a golden light, a succession of noble peaks that seemed to reach to the very end of the world. Nature grand and solitary awed our spirits, but a sense of dread underlay the finer mood. Would we reach Fez that night? Every day the journey had taken more hours by the watch than Marrakshi had judged. We had passed no water all afternoon; dried salt lay in the channels from the winter's mineral-charged torrents, and a sickly odor of iodine rose from the chasms. A night without water in the mountains, and Fez how far ahead? The thought dismayed us. We pushed on, urging our tired horses over ridge after ridge, guessing at the number of peaks to be passed before the trail should descend into the Fez valley.

At last a wonderful valley appeared that reached across the world. To the left a great cliff of rock rose sheer out of the hills. At our feet lay beautiful foothills clad with lovely olive groves. A walled fôndak stood on a slope and the castle of some Kaid was placed upon a mountain-top. But Fez—where was the city?

We lay upon the grass and let our horses graze. Looking up the long cañon into the fading sunset glow, after long waiting we saw a little golden dust that crept slowly down the trail. Our packs were coming. Together we descended the foothills among the olive groves, past the French camp, and in the dusk, with the white stars above us, we went down into

the city, the city of silence and of rushing water.

For several days the palace contented us. Fez lay outside, we knew, but Fez could wait. Tired, overworked bodies demanded rest, and one's fancy could roam contented in the empty palace-rooms, and revel in such details as the intricate tilework, each piece no bigger than a joint of one's thumb, and often narrower than a little finger. The tinted arabesque in molded plaster, and the painted doors, the grated windows, and the little "opera-box," gorgeous in Chinese colors and gilt, which opened from a guest's suite in the corner by the entrance gate and commanded a view of all the court, surely these things were enough for the present to fill one with wonder and delight.

We lay in the chairs that Balding and Selous sent us, content to know that in the court the thermometer stood at eighty, and watched the doves drinking in the fountain, while "Tiger," our mascot kitten from Tangier, vainly tried to catch them. Adjoining our court was another quite as large. Over it, arching beams met in a dome without glass, and from this was suspended the chain for a huge lantern. Here a slave girl dwells. Once I broke the sacred law of the roof, and overlooked the parapet to find a pretty child playing with water in the fountain.

All of this palace and more houses than one can tell of in Fez, added to another palace and many more houses in Tangier, belong to the notorious Si Menebhi. Once Menebhi was a very poor man. But when Abd-el-Aziz was Sultan he rose to official position and soon grew enormously rich, and in Morocco his official scalp, if not all of his head, was wanted. But Menebhi was warned. Now he enjoys British protection, his property is safe, and there is much money in many banks where even the long arm of the Sultan of Morocco cannot reach it.

Selous, who is a nephew of the African big-game hunter of that name, came almost daily at the tea hour, and out of a generous heart brought his library in sections, and often London journals which carried a whiff of the world.

Having a chair or a book to send one morning, he asked his servant to take it to the gentleman who had just arrived, The servant knew of another arrival, so he said, "To which one shall I go, to Muley Imra or the other?" Translated, "Muley Imra" means "the owner of the wife." So let "the Imra" serve as a

THE FADING CITY AT SUNSET

simple appellative for the lady whose excursions in Moorish society must adorn the tale.

Ahmed was the first of that series of stable-boys whose adventures, in imitation of the *Arabian Nights*, we might relate as the "Tale of the Eight Grooms."

In Ahmed's charge I first saw the wonderful bazaars of Fez. Requiring money —which the Moors term *floos*, always with a delicious working of the two first fingers and thumb, as though softly feeling a piece of gold—I decided to call on a certain Jew to whom my bank had kindly supplied a letter.

After traversing the most picturesque streets that ever I have seen, alive in types and rich in Oriental notes quite unknown on the coast, we came upon a fine gateway, which the artist immediately worshiped, sensing a picture, while Ahmed, who had no Spanish and no English, forcefully endeavored to convey that I might safely enter, no one would hurt me! I think perhaps his mind cleared when I relieved my feelings by taking a snapshot of the place.

The Jew proved a real brother of Shylock, in his black gabardine and skull-cap. His beard, however, was not grown reverend, neither had it been shaved for three days, which added a disreputable appearance to a sufficiently unreliable face. He tried to cheat me by count and denomination of coins, but, finding that I knew the currency, he cheerfully added the rest. Outside of the open door a group of Moors and Jews had formed on the wooden gallery. Some were leaning on the carved rail, while others obstructed the doorway in their eagerness to see the pile of silver growing. The Oriental figures and their surroundings blended in pictures of rich genre. The Jew, his grubby office, the assistant boy who spoke six words of French, and the group on the gallery were compositions, harmonies in color, and interesting types to the painter's eye. My white helmet and riding-breeches, together with my unholy possession of so much money, turned me into an object of great interest to them. Guarded by Ahmed from the importunities of the bepatched holy man—a fat, truculent fellow who demanded alms—we came through that splendid gate, crossed an irregular quadrangle, and entered a little side court.

A light softened by the reed lattice fell through the vines that covered the court and veiled the sun. The court was a potter's bazaar. Square shops were let into the walls, and piled to the ceiling with vases of classic beauty in a color of grayish-cream unglazed earthenware. Dotted in black on this delicate ground were various charming designs in geometrical forms. Clad in pale heliotrope, wearing a white turban, some faded yellow showing at his throat, sat the potter, deftly touching a design on a vase, a design he knew by heart, for he laid on the dots surely, without a pattern or even an encircling line to guide his nand.

From the potter's we came to the slipper bazaar, thence to the bazaar for cloth, for meat, and for leather bags—*M'skarrahs;* thence to the raisin and spice bazaar, and next to the bazaar where men were ornamenting richly the belts worn by the fashionable women of the day to clasp their loose garments. To every one the bazaars are scenes of bewilderment and joy, but to these emotions an artist adds the poignance of despair—despair at the elusive quality of those dissolving pictures in this human kaleidoscope of moving colors, ever changing, and so rapidly that the mind fails to carry a simple vision or one perfect thought.

The narrow streets of the bazaars are never open to the sky, but always screened from the sun by a roof of lattice and trailing vines, or a hooded roof of wood and beams. Each shop is a little square box. The open front is door and window in one. A man could not lie across its narrow width. The merchandise can be reached by the squatting shopkeeper usually without rising. Sometimes he dozes, troubled by the flies, when an assistant boy from the gloomy interior may offer goods over his dormant form. The shutters divide across the center. The upper half is raised on its hinges and propped up by a rod, creating a greater shade; the lower part, a flap hinged under, descends to the ground. A wooden step set in it helps the corpulent shopkeeper to mount the floor a yard above the ground. Set side by side, these little shops extend along the covered streets that form the bazaars of Fez.

Dreaming on this alien world, I dipped under a wooden stave across a little street that ended in some gate of mystery. A shopkeeper shouted at me, and Ahmed with an alarmed face was pulling me by the sleeve away from the sacred shrine of Muley Idrees! I had forgotten that where the bars are up, "Jews, Christians, and animals are forbidden to pass."

Although the tomb of the ancient saint is guarded, yet the largest mosque in Morocco is easily studied through its many open doors. The Karueein covers several acres of ground and has more pillars than any man has accurately counted, for every traveler tells a different tale. At odd corners of the bazaar a gate will open, offering a view of a large square in the sunlight seen through shadowy alleys of pillars where tiny oil-lamps burn dimly above the praying figures on the mats. From another gate one may get a glimpse of a fountain where devout Moslems are washing before prayer. All seems very open to the passer's view, only his footsteps may not lead him with safety across the threshold of a single door!

Ahmed, for a silver coin, betrayed his country and, if the tale be true, an absent husband. The need for Moorish ladies in pretty clothes to pose for pictures was sore upon me, and Ahmed dived into the depths of Fez and brought to our fairy palace two veiled and muffled beings, with very dark and devilishly flashing eyes. The Imra prevailed upon them to come out of their mummy clothes and at last display their faces, which were passably pretty, but not so ravishing as the eyes alone led one to suppose. However, their charming costumes of brilliant colors, veiled by outer garments of transparent white, the great barbaric ear-rings, and the gorgeous headgear so charmingly arranged, made full amends.

Tea was taken with much loud sipping in Oriental appreciation, and palms were duly crossed with silver dollars to every one's satisfaction, but without reckoning on the father and the husband of the younger woman (whose escape had been effected by bribing a doorkeeper) or the traveling husband of the elder, who had not yet returned to Fez. A day came when the younger lady appeared to my surprise in old and faded clothing, her great ear-rings, with their false emeralds, gone, not even a ring left upon her fingers. Her feet were thrust into old and faded shoes, and the brilliant plumage of her headgear was replaced by a soiled and torn handkerchief. Nor ever was there a more sorrowful and tear-stained countenance than the little lady wore!

A Money-changer

IN THE EVENING WOMEN ASCEND TO THE ROOFS

If one should dream that the Orient is free from servant problems let him read "The Tale of the Eight Grooms," and be wise. For Ahmed had departed in great rage. In our minds it was not consistent with the scheme of things that he should spend five hours daily in the bazaars while the stable minded its own affairs. The Moors hate remonstrance, so Ahmed departed. Then a youth who borrowed his name from the ex-Sultan Abd-el-Aziz worked well for one week. He was paid and something over, the Imra not having the exact change. He failed to appear again. Marrakshi was in great wrath. Cooking, and tending the horses as well, rendered his expressions uncomplimentary to the Fazzi! In the evening at dinner, entered to the light of a lantern two solemn and reverend Moors, one with a long, white beard such as Michael Angelo gave to his Moses. We shook hands solemnly, kissed each his own hand, then placed it over his heart, and bowed with a great gravity. The Imra was much impressed, but, being only a woman, the Moors heeded her less. The Tiger came out to see what it was all about, and Marrakshi thrilled in every nerve of his Moslem body when the reverend one saluted him as "Shereef," which means "Holy One" and descendant of the Prophet.

It was a tale of an outraged Moslem husband and father, a young wife stripped of all her finery, yet still defiant, forsaking the house of wrath for the peace of refuge in that sanctuary where all—no matter what their crimes—are safe, the very holy of holies, the Mosque of Muley Idrees itself! Balding, besides being one of the heroes of the Sherarda campaign, is a skeptic and a cynic. He questioned the whole story, and substituted a sordid one in which virtue was as absent as husbands. But we prefer to believe the tear-stained lady. Her tale, even if false, is so truly Oriental!

We were then informed that the great affair of gathering the reverend one's

grain, which was then standing ripe in the fields near Alcazar, called them away upon this four days' arduous journey. It being right and proper that Abd-el-Aziz, his son, should accompany his aged father, it grieved them much, but he could tend my horses no longer, at least until they had returned. They gave us many blessings and compliments, and departed. In two days we discovered Abd-el-Aziz buying candles in the nearest bazaar. After that he was regularly observed as a doorstep ornament of his own house, while the reverend ones passed us in the street with a look surely directed to Alcazar, which is four days off. It seems that I had asked Abd-el-Aziz to procure me some lady models, and he had told.

Boobker followed. He was gray like an old fox, and had a wife with decided opinions. Also he loved not work, and sleep was good, very good, to Boobker. The Imra called him Bunkum after a very short acquaintance. His invisible wife demanded the purchase of household goods during the hours for horse and saddle cleaning. We argued with Bunkum, and he departed.

Then came Di Mohammed al Hindi. Di Mohammed came armed with a recommendation from the British Consulate, but the Imra was of opinion that his looks belied his written character. Di Mohammed came from his native India in charge of a large elephant, a gift to the last Sultan while on the throne. Finding Fez fair, and also the daughters thereof, with many good things to eat in the land, he stayed, and waxed fat in the staying. He cooked for a worthy doctor who was home on a holiday, and, though drawing full pay in the doctor's absence, he condescended to tend the horses for a daily allowance. But his fat being upon him and the weather hot, he departed after three days.

Then came a youth handsome and good to look upon, but a liar even among Moors. After working a few days, he entered the house just before dinner, related a tale

THE VEILED AND MUFFLED FIGURES OF THE MOORISH WOMEN



V. 125 April 1912

to Selous, whom as a consular official the Moors regard as a man of weight, and departed. A French officer harassed for a servant had offered him nearly double the pay. It was a simple truth and a forgivable defection, but the young man preferred his elaborate lie.

The next was Mohammed Blackbeard, a huge, piratical-looking person. He lasted until the day before leaving Fez. To be discovered and checked each time he tried to steal in buying grain wore a deep grievance in his Oriental soul, so at last, chidden too often, he also departed.

On the following morning a young man in blue, with a bronze skin and a shaven head, appeared in the stable as if by magic and offered to serve. By nightfall he was gone and nothing was missed from the stable. No one saw him go. This was probably the one trick played upon us by the fairy people, who sent a jinn to serve for a day. But a friendly trick withal! Hassan was the last, of whom it is useless even to attempt the chronicle of his sins.

Fez was to us now a familiar city. Our horses knew the turns to take, and our pitchers had gone many times to bring pure waters from the spring of Sidi Bu Nafa. At evening, from the little painted room set upon the roof of the Dar Menebhi, we had often looked out upon the sky turning gold in the light of the westering sun. Nobly the tower of the Karueein Mosque and the green-tiled roof of Muley Idrees rose above the city. A mosque tower, the pillared court of a fôndak, or some gateway would reveal location, but as one looked down, down into the valley of houses crowded in the basin of the river Fez, the mass of masonry seemed to be welded together with never a street or alley to break the whole. Dirty, faded ochers, mud colors, and sandy clay broken by occasional tilework in vivid green are the prevailing tones of the city. Sometimes the mass is relieved by spaces of soiled white. Beyond, the foothills glowed in golden ocher tints, the play of warm sunlight on the carpet of burned grass. Trees dark and cool, clad in the green of aged tapestry, stood among the houses and fringed the hills beyond, where the ancient crumbling walls of Fez meander over their contours.

As the coolness comes with the evening hour, the women ascend upon the roofs and brood over the fading city. Below, men gather in the mosques and, bending to Mecca, murmur their prayers. In a little room open to the street near the Dar Menebhi about thirty men are seated daily at this hour. Each, dressed in spotless white, holds a rosary in his hand. Always as the sun sets, the rich drone of their voices reciting prayers in unison rises in the evening air and mingles with the low tones of the women on the roofs. The boom of a cannon crashes over these peaceful sounds and rumbles away among the hills. Bugles and drums from all the French camps and the M'Hallas of the Sultan instantly follow, to mark the end of day. French drums and bugles, French instructors, French cannon at the gates, and Spahis and Tirailleurs in the streets. The sun had set upon ancient Morocco. Very soon it will rise upon a colony of France.

A day was appointed for a Moorish luncheon in the palace of Gris Mukri, the nephew of the new grand vizier. The Imra returned with a tale of beautiful palace courtyards, of fountains, and tilework of charming fancy. There had been a rich repast, served by black slaves, of many Oriental dishes flavored with spices, then sweets, and tea to dream of. The ladies wore handsome apparel and many jewels. But it was a novel experience to be valued in cash by one's hostess. Of jewels and fine raiment—which mean silk and satin and muslin—of course she had none, nor henna, nor kôhl to heighten the charm of hands and eyes, but even as she stood unadorned (so the Tabibats translated the Moorish women's chatter) she would fetch at least seven hundred dollars as a slave, perhaps more! Subsequently the valuation was quoted to some gentlemen, who scoffed at it as utterly insufficient, but viewed as a voluntary offering from women to a woman it was considered an unusual tribute!

During the entertainment a small boy of five, a beautiful child and the heir of the house, entered yelling most lustily, with tears of rage streaming down his face. He had gone down alone into the street, and encountered there the youthful scions of two noble houses, who in the manner of boys instantly demanded why he had not been to school that day?

STREETS ALIVE WITH ORIENTAL NOTES AND MOVING COLOR

Without awaiting reply, the two set upon and beat the youthful Mukri. He screamed after them that his mother had a party of great ladies, and that was why he had not come to school; and after calling them everything he could think of, and cheerfully hoping that both their families would die of the cholera, he entered the luncheon-room hysterical with rage to recite the adventure, and much appreciation and petting was bestowed upon him.

But this was nothing to the great Farraja, or marriage feast, to which the Imra went at sunset and returned next morning after breakfast. She entered with the Tabibats a house wrapped in darkness and gloom. The sleepy attendants aroused themselves, bringing lights. In a dimly lighted room on handsome cushions many women were lying about, asleep like tired cats. Having foregone dinner in the belief that feasting would be immediate, a group of hungry ladies, newly arrived, sat until midnight watching the jaded revelers awake and come to life. Already a week of feasting had passed. Night and day the guests had never left the house, the married women having their babies with them. It was midnight when the feasting began again. With satisfied appetites, and minds stimulated by tea, the great business of dressing the two brides—for this was a double wedding—began. Seated on a cushion, her eyes tight shut and never speaking a word, to simulate a modesty fitting the occasion, each bride was placed before a professional dresser who was raised on a pile of cushions that gave her command of the virginal head. The final act of barbarism was to smear a coat of raw pink paint over the poor girl's face, then to dot it with spots like a tiger-lily. The finished bride bore a strong resemblance to a pagan idol, with long pendants of heavy jewels hanging from her temples almost to her feet, but with a face that to the Western vision seemed to have broken out with some terrible disease.

The Imra and her chaperons were seated in the royal box of the occasion, which was the great brass four-poster that all Moors have in rooms of state. Many slaves hurried to and fro attending the company. Tired of the opera-box, the Imra explored the courtyard. Colored candles, set in large brass candlesticks, and torches illuminated the court and sparkled in the fountain. Lying in niches and odd corners, finely dressed ladies were seeking an interlude of sleep from the revels. Grouped near the entrance gate, veiled to the eyes, and wrapped mysteriously in their *haïcks,* stood a group of women of all grades, who entered or departed freely from the street. "Go out into the highways and hedges . . ." The lore of the Bible stands true to-day in Fez, so all the world of women, rich and poor and beggars, may enter, afterward to proclaim abroad the beauty and rich gifts of the bride.

Just before the dawn, out in the garden, where rivulets of running water charmed the ear, and dim lamps and candles swung amid the stirring foliage, ladies in their festal robes and shining jewels kneeled and bowed their faces to the ground before Allah, their prostrate forms always pointing to the east and Mecca. Then young men danced by torchlight in the court and kneeled for the slaves to put silver upon their foreheads. But the women withdrew within a darkened room. Through a filmy curtain that veiled the great door they could look out but not be seen by the dancers in the brilliant court.

A Moroccan Soldier

The daylight cast its glare on a scene of wildest revelry. Sitting cross-legged like living Chinese idols, each upon a low-legged table raised upon the shoulders of many slaves, the brides were carried around and around the courts. The women shrilled their weird cry of joy, tom-toms were beaten, and with a dancing, swaying motion the slaves moved around in procession. When the brides were redeemed from a mock pawn

by silver coins hidden by the guests, the greatest night of the marriage feast had ended.

The Imra was tired, tired as she never had been, but her woman's soul was glad. She had penetrated to the heart of all things feminine in the most purely Oriental city in the world.

To leave Fez without being presented to the Sultan would have left a sense of incompleteness. At the entrance to the palace gates were many sleek mules, richly caparisoned with crimson saddles and silver carved stirrup-irons. Native gentlemen awaited, and attendants held the animals. A Moor who spoke English greeted me by name and said the doctor would arrive soon. Dismounting, I handed my horse to a soldier and awaited. The doctor came, and with him a gentleman from Paris. It was a warm forenoon, and the rich foliage of the palace grounds glinted in the sunlight and stirred in the cool breeze. The groaning of many camels fell upon the ear. Yet when I looked searchingly I saw only a Spahi standing by an Arab horse and some groups of Moors under trees. A large water-wheel turned slowly, moved by a sluggish stream, lifting, always lifting in little pans, water to an irrigation flue high in the air.

Across a bare space of flat ground a low building stood. In the middle were arches, and at one end, the right, a room with three windows screened by a design cut in wood, was the reception-room of Muley el Hafid, ruling Sultan of Morocco. The M'Hasni, or Sultan's soldiery, squatted in a long row against the wall or loitered among the arches. The doctor led us to the left, leaving a clear space in front of the Sultan's office. The Sultan apparently entered and came toward the central door, but we could not see him. The M'Hasni had formed in line facing the door. When the Sultan presented himself to their view, they bowed low and shouted, "God bless the life of our Lord and Master," then returned to squat against the wall.

Awaiting our turn to be presented, we had leisure to inspect the State Department at work. In a room about sixteen feet by ten, Moors of rank were seated, squatting upon a rug, their backs toward the walls. These were the ministers and their scribes. Bare, whitewashed walls, a bit of straw matting covered by a rug, a few sheets of paper, pens and ink, and before us lay the official machinery of an empire.

We entered the reception-room, which was vacant, but down a passage that descended two steps in its course we saw the monarch seated cross-legged upon a couch. The doctor surprised me by mumbling in Arabic, then yelling "*Sidi!*" at the top of his voice. I recognized the procedure of the M'Hasni, and mumbled something like it. We bowed, proceeded so far, halted, then bowed again, and repeated this till we stood before the great presence. At last the ruler himself bowed a solemn acknowledgment of our being, and waved us to be seated. We waited in silence, inspecting this swarthy Oriental, with a touch of the negro in a somewhat Semitic countenance. He looked worried, and glanced down the corridor peevishly to see if all had arrived. Knowing that presents are often given, I interpreted his look at our empty hands as a glance of disapproval. Perceiving after a wait that the Sultan desired no conversation, the doctor proclaimed the interview ended. His Majesty, however, had given us permission to see the Meshwar, his other and greater palace, and to visit the menagerie.

After traversing many courts, we reached the large rectangle around which, built against the walls, are ranged the cages of the wild beasts. It was a sunlit morning, and the stone lions poured streams of sparkling water into a serene pool that reflected a cloudless sky of deepest blue. A spell of silence held the palace. At enormous heights some storks sailed upon motionless wings. Oppressed by the warm air, the beasts were dozing heavily, sometimes growling in their sleep. We paused to admire a magnificent tiger, who raised his head to glare with angry, green eyes while his lithe yet heavy body lay on its side and panted. He opened his enormous mouth, wrinkling his wicked lips, and showed his sharp, white teeth. Then the air rumbled with the heavy bass note of an organ musical and rich, that shook the cage as the seats of a choir tremble when the heavy pedal is down. Never before have I heard that organ note from the throat of any beast.

A jaguar lashed himself into a frenzy and leaped against the bars, enraged at the barrier that divided him from his lawful human prey. A wild leopard showed in his hideous snarl all the concentrated venom of the world of beasts. But there was one lion with a pleasant, quizzical face. We had a game as one plays with a kitten. He chewed the thong off my riding-whip, then concealed it under his huge paw. Then he playfully lifted his paw while I tried for the leather with the crook of my whip. For a long time he was too quick, but at last I got it. He looked quite sorry when we moved away.

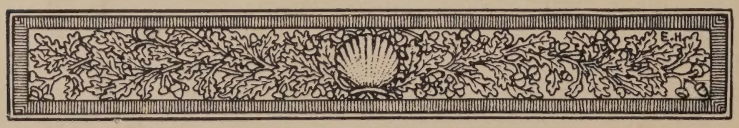
A vision of that face of the great overlord crossed before my mind. He, too, had walked these courts often, and, looking into these same green eyes, had designed revenge upon his enemies. The Rogui, the pretender to his throne, would die torn to shreds by these furies! A smile surely played upon those lips when the news came that the Rogui was captured, and, laden with hundreds of dripping human heads, his own soldiery were returning triumphant.

Often we came to gates where the captain of the guard refused admittance. An air of mystery and concealment hung over the place. Rumor says that the Sultan's brother, Muley Mohammed, was done to death within these walls. But others tell—the whisperings of palace slaves—that a face strangely like his is seen gazing vacantly for a moment from a window, or a figure of his height will cross an inner court where none may enter.

After another six days of hard riding we greeted Tangier, with its breath of Europe in Africa, as one greets an old friend. Drifting into the little Sôko the second evening, I looked about. Dukali arose from his seat at a café table, and came forward to shake hands. We found a quiet corner in another café that is always rich in type and gesture. After discussing everything from the Sultan to camel drivers and the price of barley on the road, Dukali abruptly asked me, "Do you like Fez?"

"Well, of course, it is very remote and steeped in the mystery of ages past," I replied. "The Sultan no doubt is a good specimen of the Oriental potentate, and I did enjoy the menagerie, the bazaars are splendid and a never-ending source of joy to a painter; yet, frankly, the place is dull, and, after a month or two, one grows tired of riding about the streets and looking at ancient, crumbling, mud-colored walls, always seeing the outside of things and never a place to go into, unless one tried a mosque in disguise or broke into a harem."

After musing awhile, Dukali said, "I have been to Fez several times, and I find it much as you do."

On returning to the hotel I found the Imra amid a group of ladies in the drawing-room, relating glowing tales of a city I had never seen. It was a wonderful place, lifted straight out of the *Arabian Nights* and filled with grand viziers and palaces, numberless wives, black slaves, and concubines, all dressed magnificently and bedecked with ropes of pearls, emeralds, and rubies large as pigeon's eggs. There were broad courtyards with pillars and fountains, and when night fell upon such scenes torches were lighted, while dancing men performed before a gauze veil that screened the beauties in the darkened room within.

As I went up-stairs to dress for dinner, I reflected that, after all, there is a great deal in the point of view.